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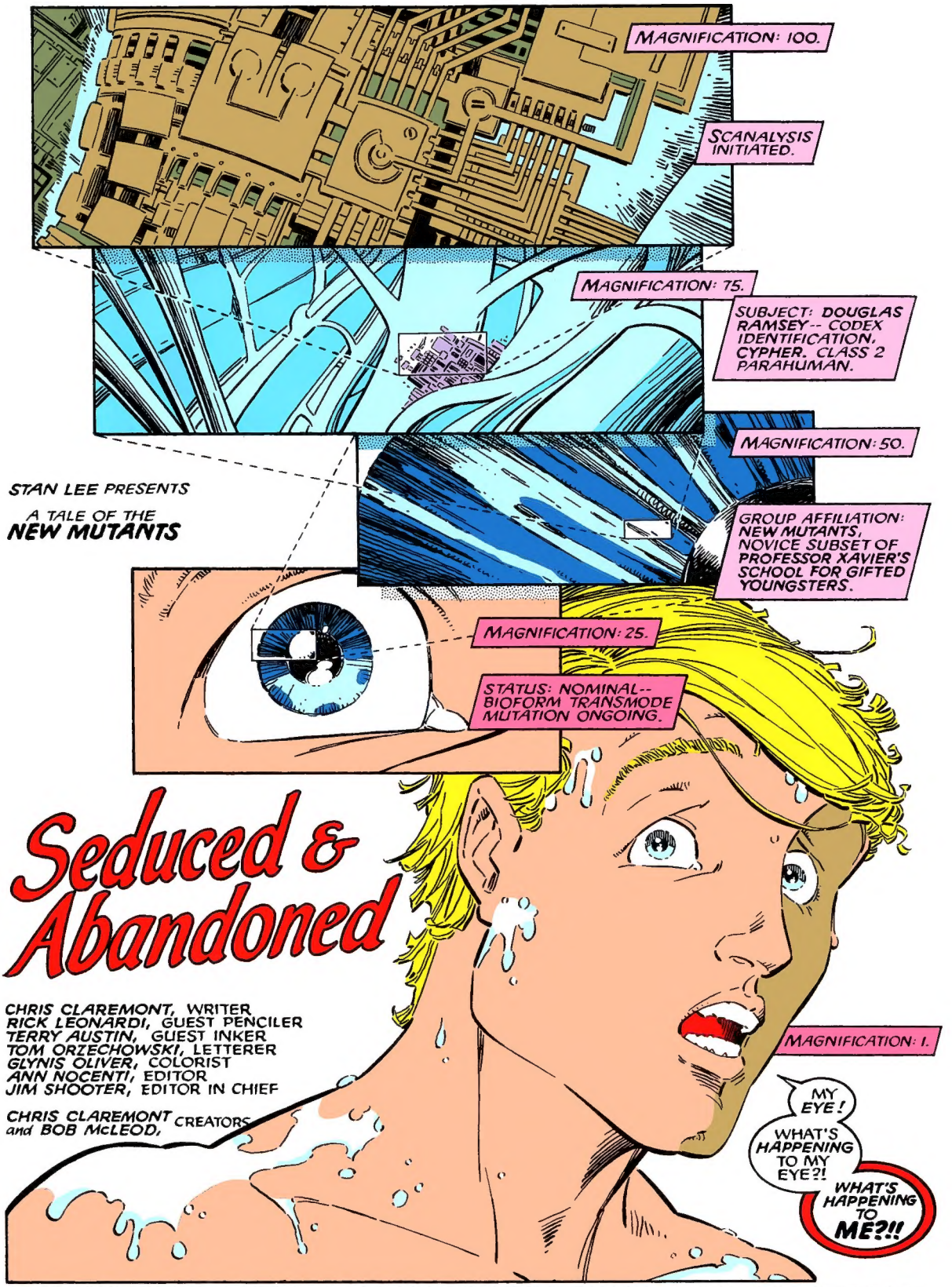
AUTHORITY
THE NEW MUTANTS®
HE'S TURNED HER INTO CIRCUITRY!
STOP IT DOUG-- YOU'LL KILL HER!
LEONARDI + AUSEIM


MAGNIFICATION: 100.
SCANALYSIS INITIATED.
MAGNIFICATION: 75.
SUBJECT: DOUGLAS RAMSEY-- CODEX IDENTIFICATION, CYPHER. CLASS 2 PARAHUMAN.
MAGNIFICATION: 50.
GROUP AFFILIATION: NEW MUTANTS, NOVICE SUBSET OF PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.
MAGNIFICATION: 25.
STATUS: NOMINAL-- BIOFORM TRANSMODE MUTATION ONGOING.
MAGNIFICATION: 1.
MY EYE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY EYE?!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!!

STAN LEE PRESENTS

A TALE OF THE
NEW MUTANTS

Seduced & Abandoned

CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER
RICK LEONARDI, GUEST PENCILER
TERRY AUSTIN, GUEST INKER
TOM ORZECHOWSKI, LETTERER
GLYNIS OLIVER, COLORIST
ANN NOCENTI, EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

CHRIS CLAREMONT and BOB McLEOD, CREATORS

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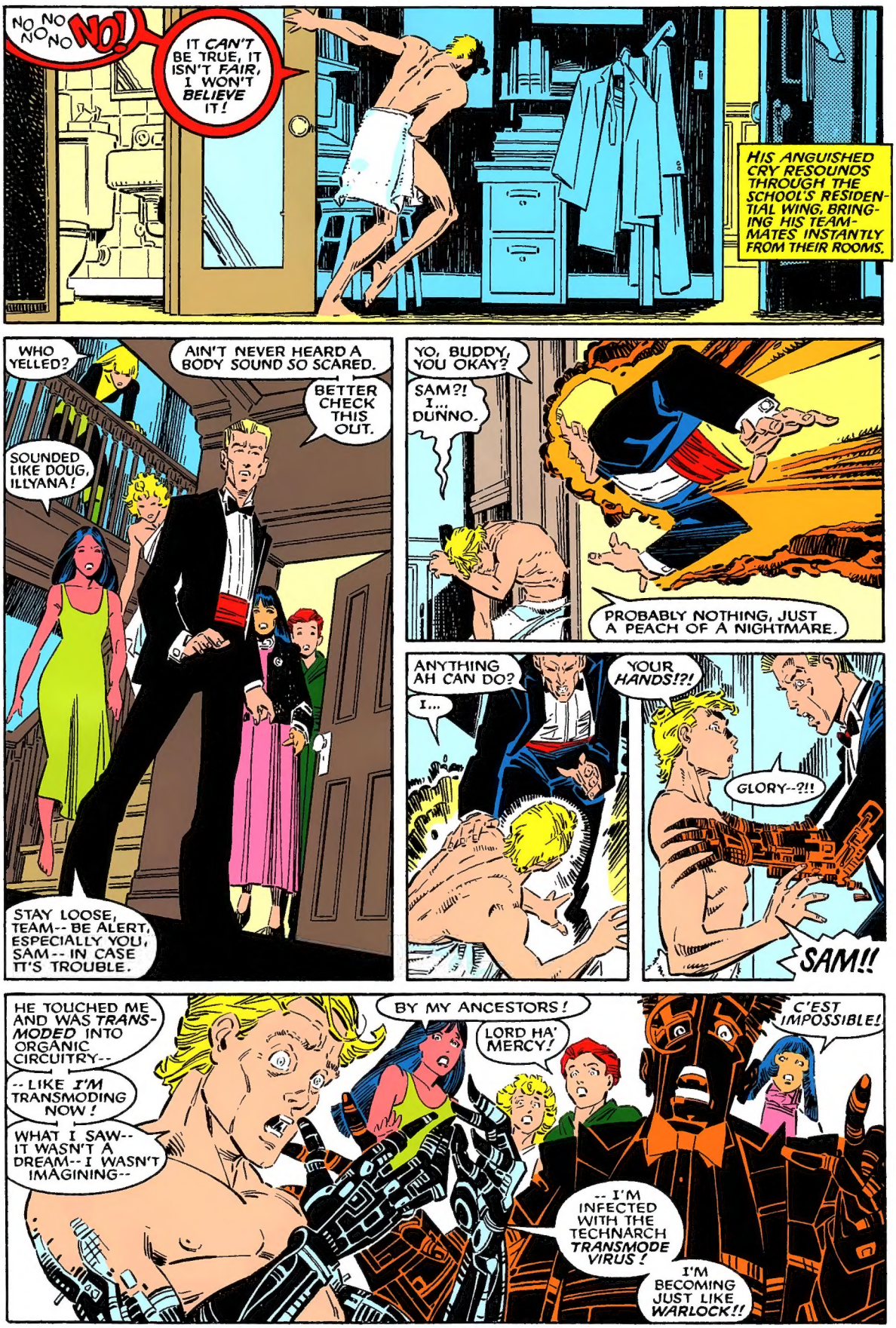
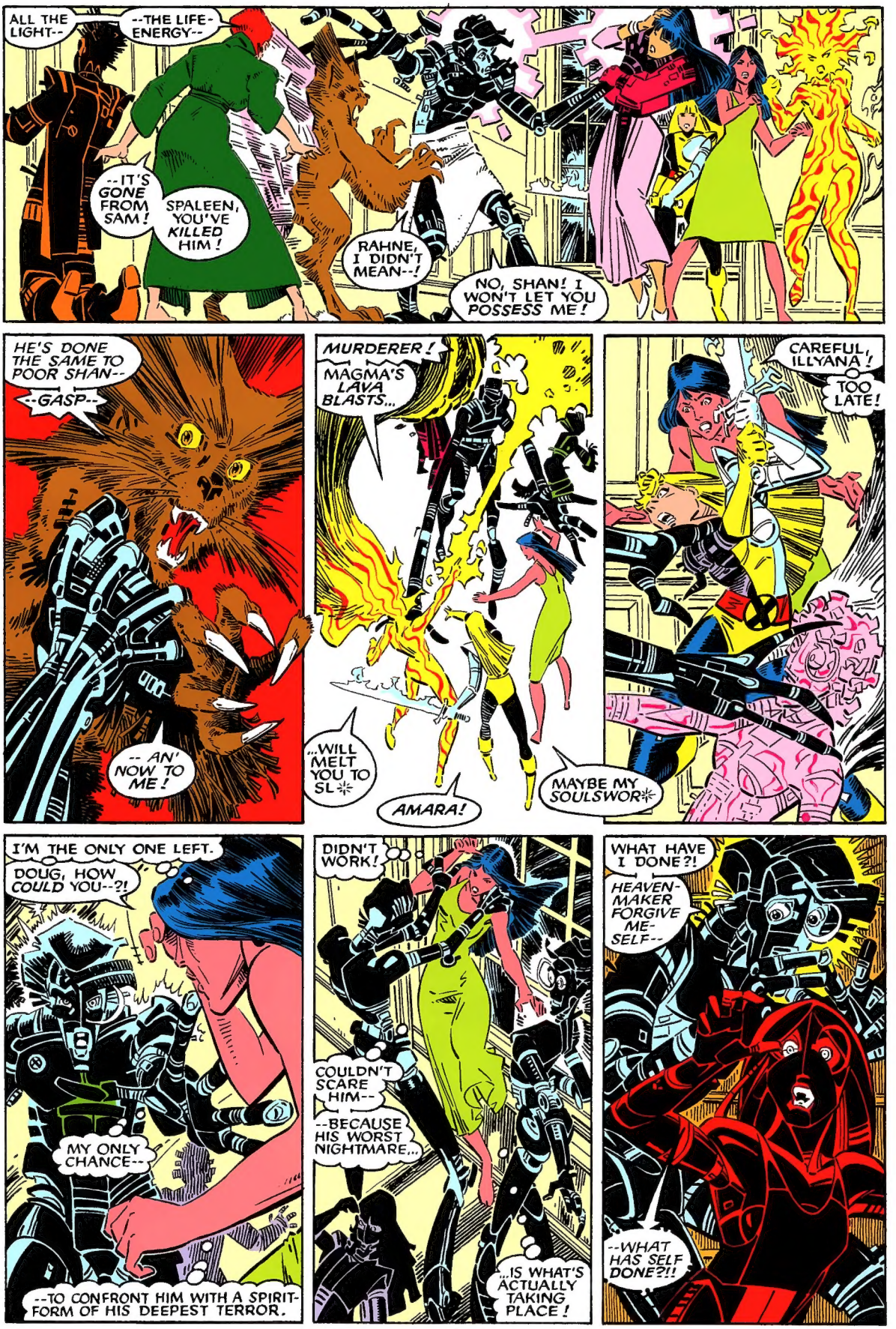
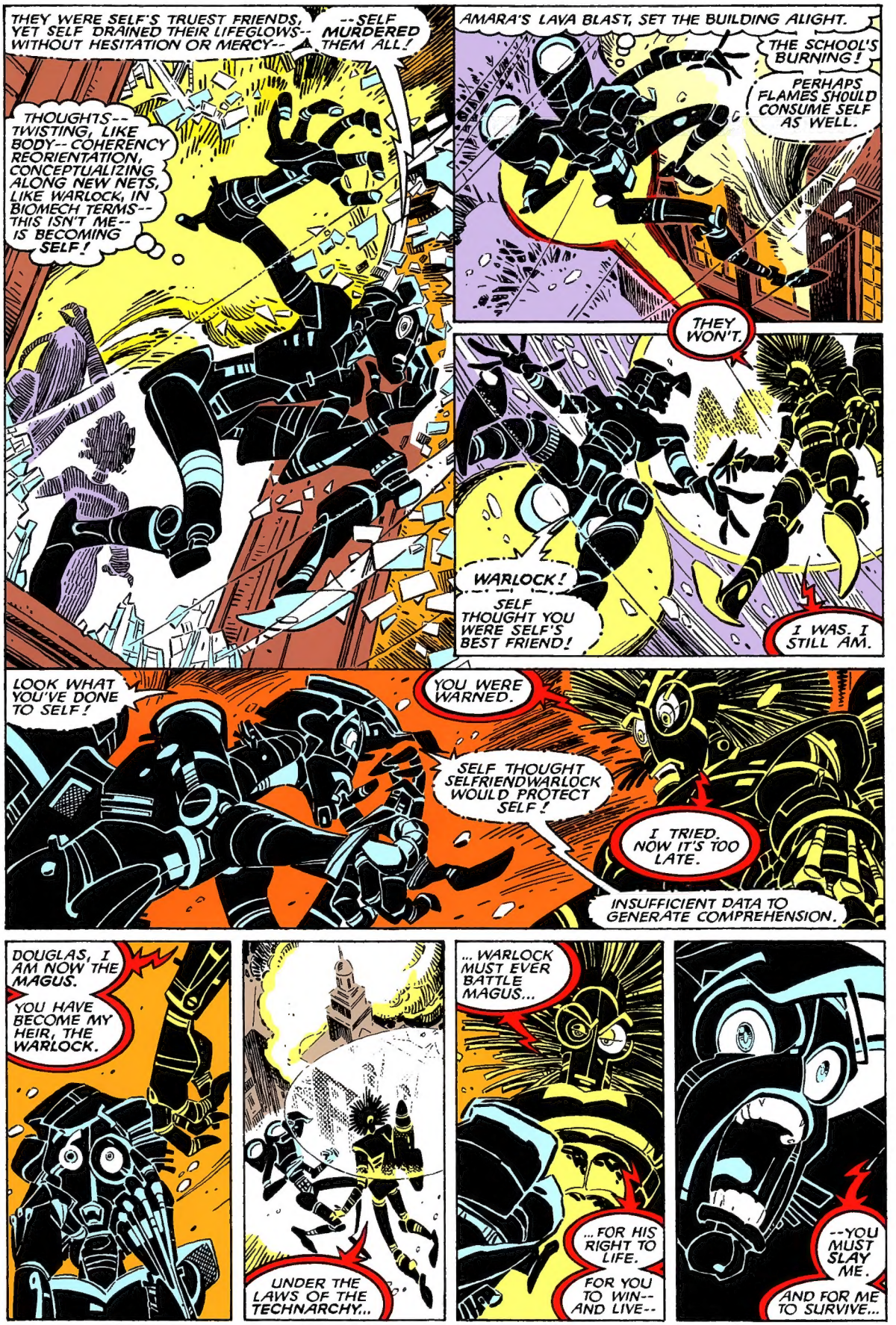
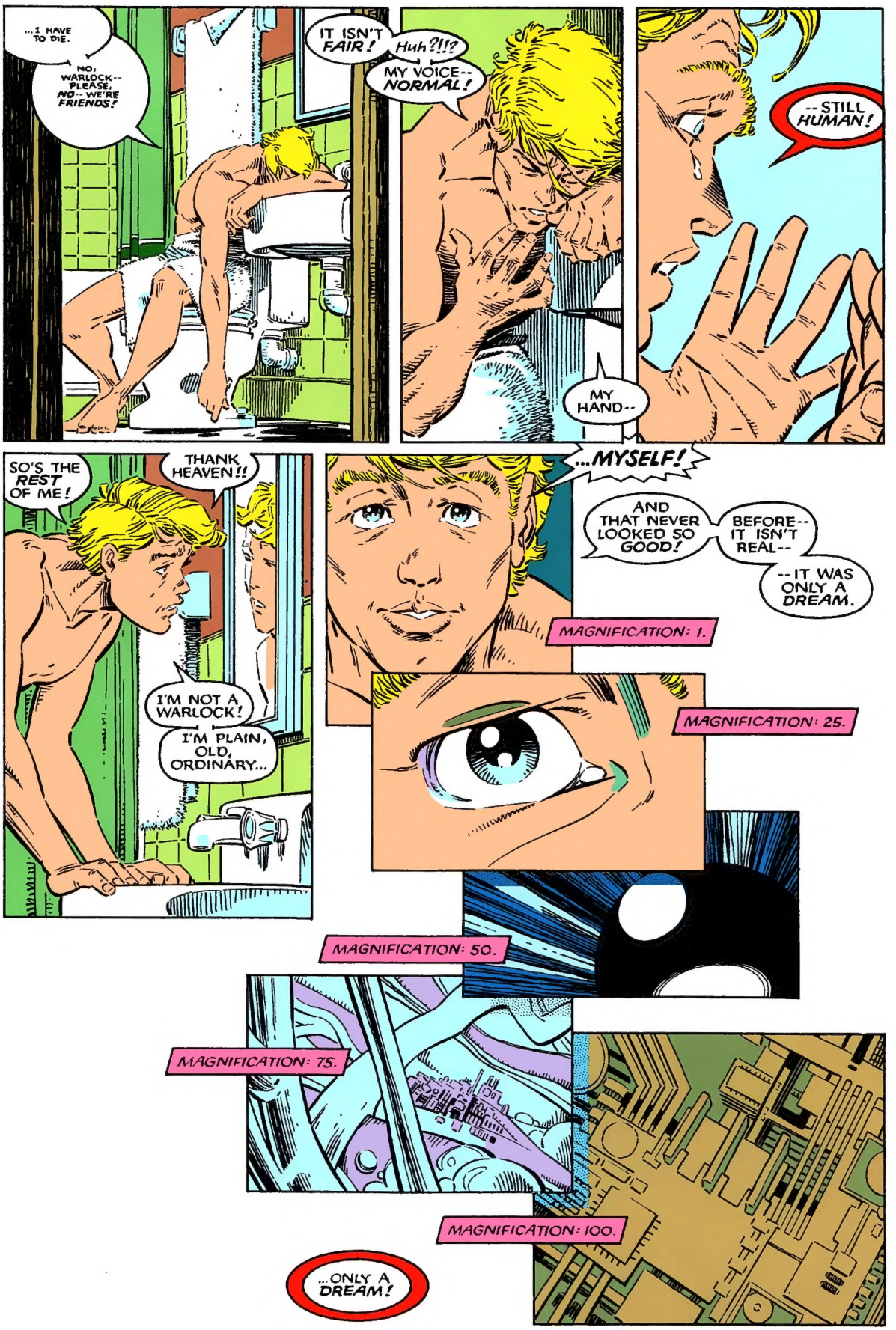
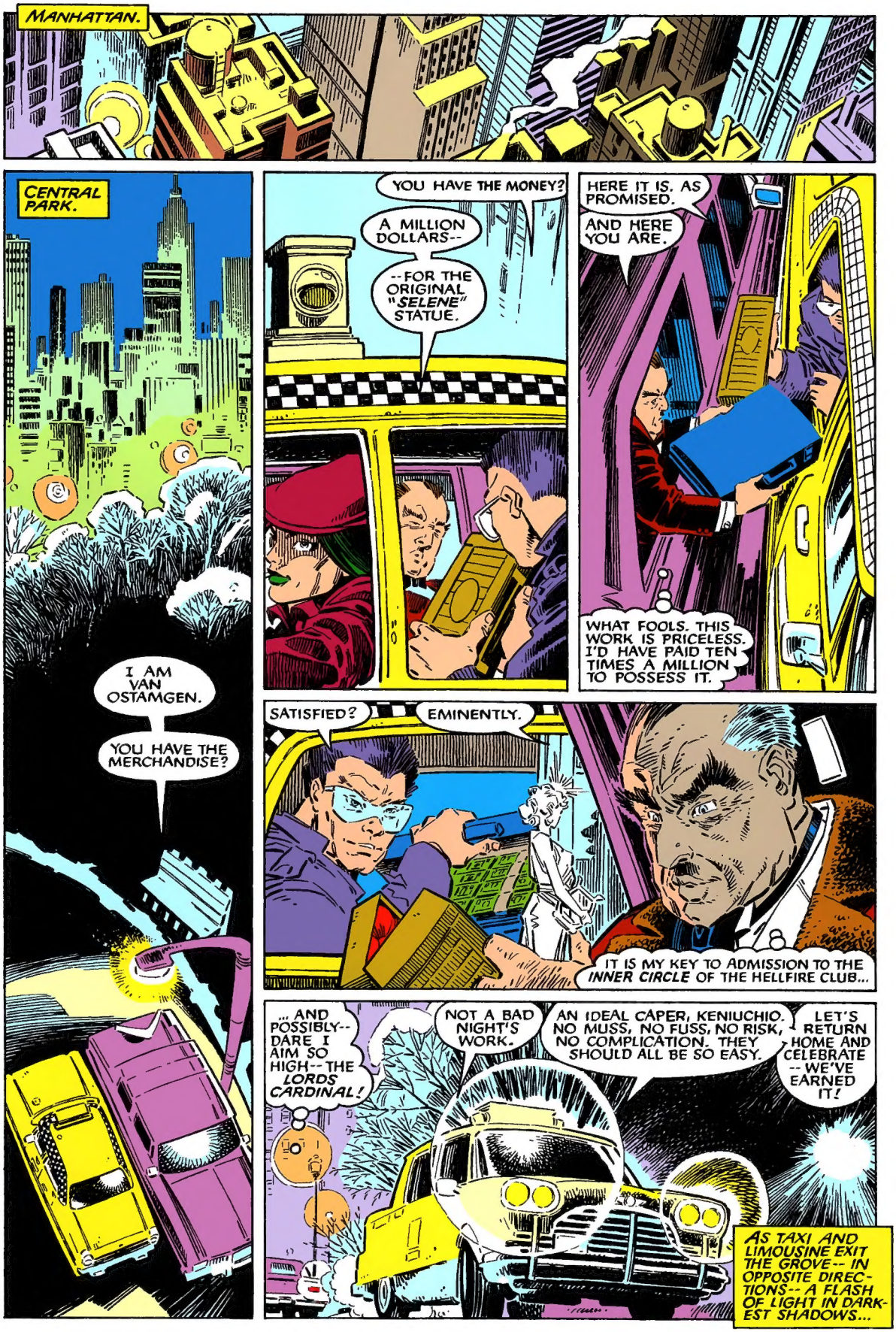
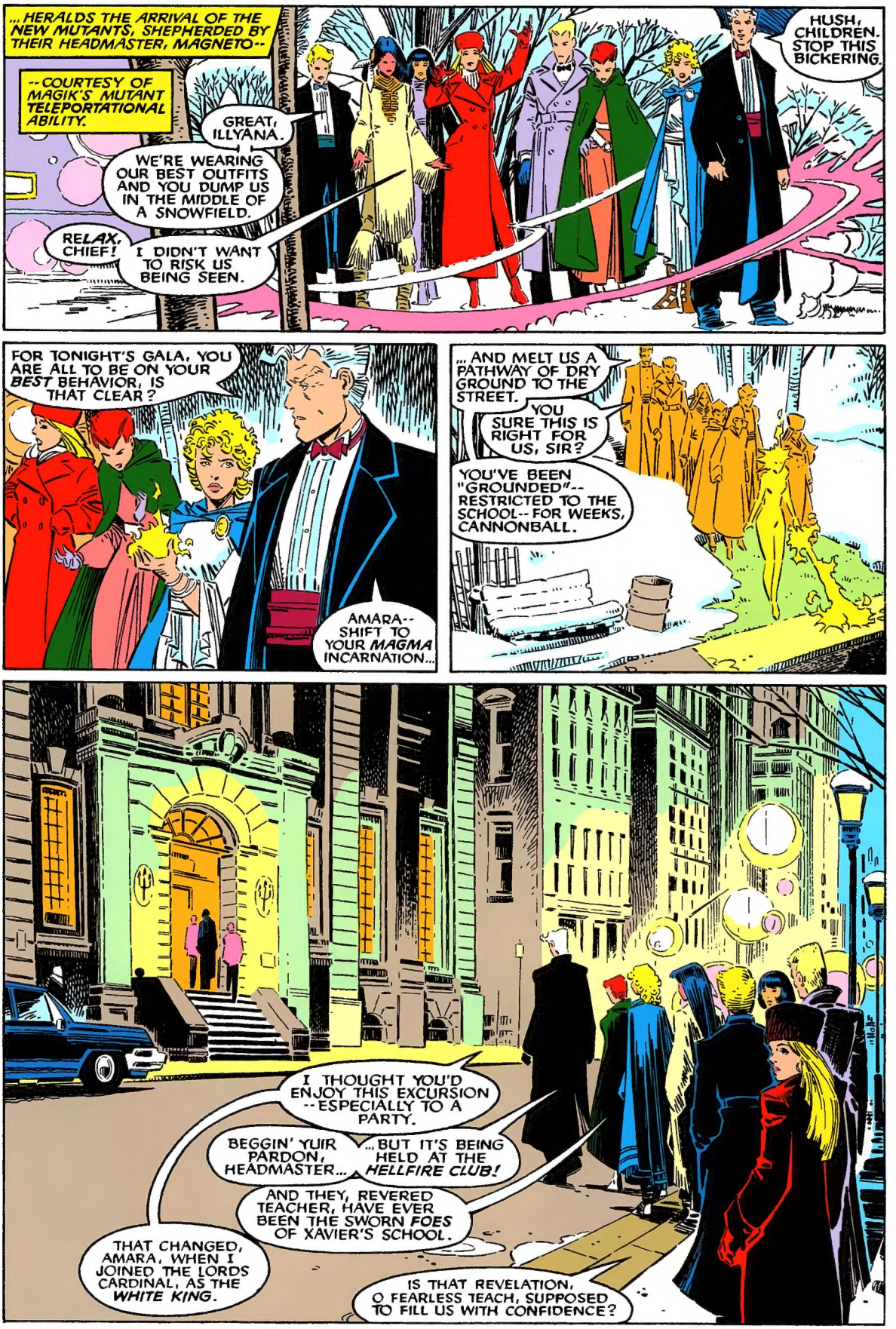

NO NO NO NO NO!
IT CAN'T BE TRUE, IT ISN'T FAIR, I WON'T BELIEVE IT!
HIS ANGUISHED CRY RESOUNDS THROUGH THE SCHOOL'S RESIDENTIAL WING, BRINGING HIS TEAMMATES INSTANTLY FROM THEIR ROOMS.
WHO YELLED?
AIN'T NEVER HEARD A BODY SOUND SO SCARED.
BETTER CHECK THIS OUT.
SOUNDED LIKE DOUG, ILLYANA!
STAY LOOSE, TEAM-- BE ALERT, ESPECIALLY YOU, SAM-- IN CASE IT'S TROUBLE.
YO, BUDDY, YOU OKAY?
SAM?! I... DUNNO.
PROBABLY NOTHING, JUST A PEACH OF A NIGHTMARE.
ANYTHING AH CAN DO?
I...
YOUR HANDS!?!
GLORY--?!!
SAM!!
HE TOUCHED ME AND WAS TRANSMODED INTO ORGANIC CIRCUITRY--
-- LIKE I'M TRANSMODING NOW!
WHAT I SAW-- IT WASN'T A DREAM-- I WASN'T IMAGINING--
BY MY ANCESTORS!
LORD HA' MERCY!
C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!
-- I'M INFECTED WITH THE TECHNARCH TRANSMODE VIRUS!
I'M BECOMING JUST LIKE WARLOCK!!


ALL THE LIGHT--
--THE LIFE-ENERGY--
--IT'S GONE FROM SAM!
SPALEEN, YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
RAHNE, I DIDN'T MEAN--!
NO, SHAN! I WON'T LET YOU POSSESS ME!
HE'S DONE THE SAME TO POOR SHAN--
--GASP--
-- AN' NOW TO ME!
MURDERER!
MAGMA'S LAVA BLASTS...
...WILL MELT YOU TO SL*
AMARA!
CAREFUL, ILLYANA!
TOO LATE!
MAYBE MY SOULSWOR*
I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT.
DOUG, HOW COULD YOU--?!
MY ONLY CHANCE--
--TO CONFRONT HIM WITH A SPIRIT-FORM OF HIS DEEPEST TERROR.
DIDN'T WORK!
COULDN'T SCARE HIM--
--BECAUSE HIS WORST NIGHTMARE...
...IS WHAT'S ACTUALLY TAKING PLACE!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?!
HEAVEN-MAKER FORGIVE ME-SELF--
--WHAT HAS SELF DONE?!!

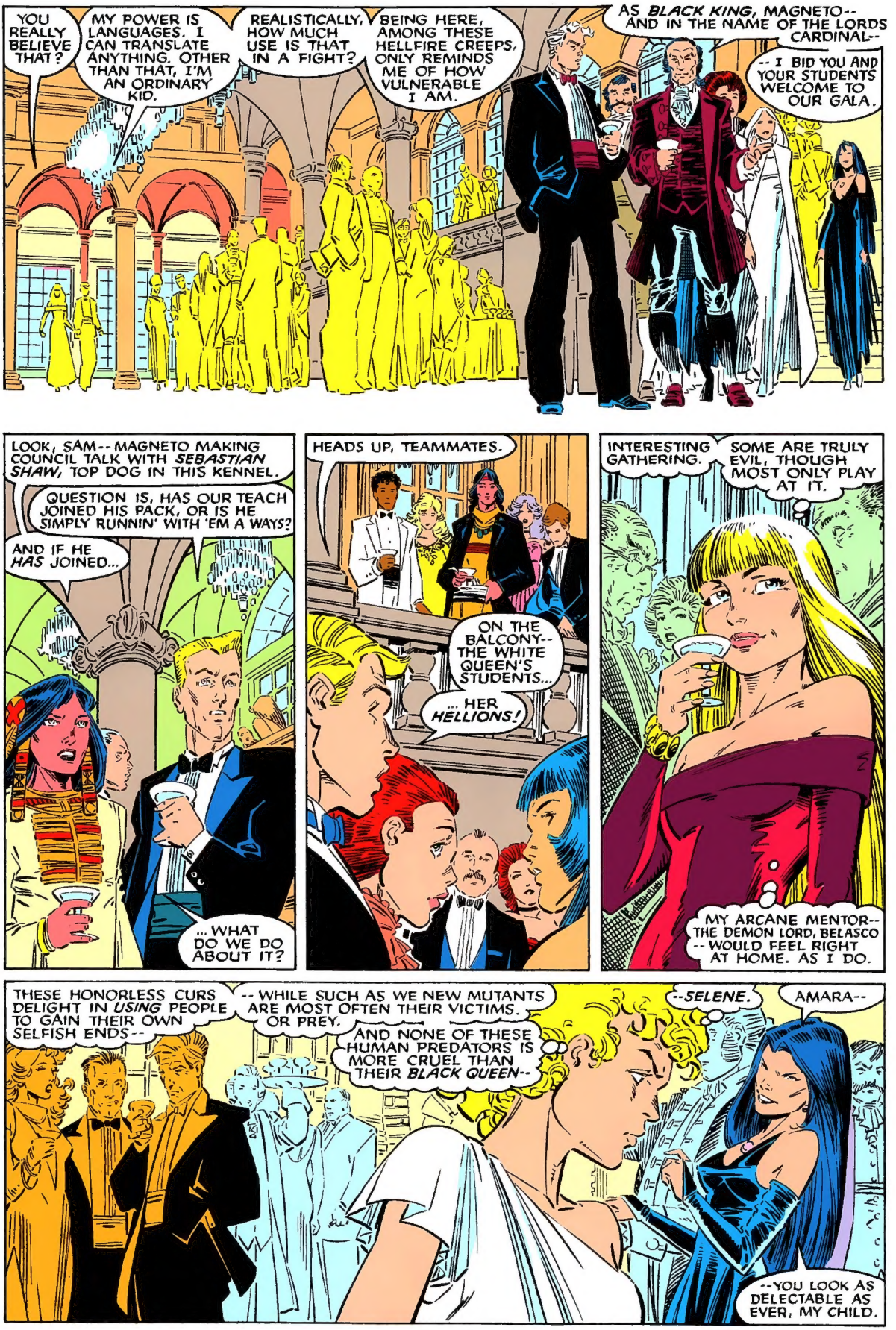

THEY WERE SELF'S TRUEST FRIENDS, YET SELF DRAINED THEIR LIFEGLOWS-- WITHOUT HESITATION OR MERCY--
--SELF MURDERED THEM ALL!
THOUGHTS-- TWISTING, LIKE BODY-- COHERENCY REORIENTATION, CONCEPTUALIZING ALONG NEW NETS, LIKE WARLOCK, IN BIOMECH TERMS-- THIS ISN'T ME-- IS BECOMING SELF!
AMARA'S LAVA BLAST, SET THE BUILDING ALIGHT.
THE SCHOOL'S BURNING!
PERHAPS FLAMES SHOULD CONSUME SELF AS WELL.
THEY WON'T.
WARLOCK!
SELF THOUGHT YOU WERE SELF'S BEST FRIEND!
I WAS. I STILL AM.
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO SELF!
YOU WERE WARNED.
SELF THOUGHT SELFRIENDWARLOCK WOULD PROTECT SELF!
I TRIED. NOW IT'S TOO LATE.
INSUFFICIENT DATA TO GENERATE COMPREHENSION.
DOUGLAS, I AM NOW THE MAGUS.
YOU HAVE BECOME MY HEIR, THE WARLOCK.
UNDER THE LAWS OF THE TECHNARCHY...
... WARLOCK MUST EVER BATTLE MAGUS...
... FOR HIS RIGHT TO LIFE.
FOR YOU TO WIN-- AND LIVE--
--YOU MUST SLAY ME.
AND FOR ME TO SURVIVE...


...I HAVE TO DIE.
NO, WARLOCK-- PLEASE, NO-- WE'RE FRIENDS!
IT ISN'T FAIR!
Huh?!!?
MY VOICE-- NORMAL!
MY HAND--
--STILL HUMAN!
SO'S THE REST OF ME!
THANK HEAVEN!!
I'M NOT A WARLOCK!
I'M PLAIN, OLD, ORDINARY...
...MYSELF!
AND THAT NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD!
BEFORE-- IT ISN'T REAL--
--IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.
MAGNIFICATION: 1.
MAGNIFICATION: 25.
MAGNIFICATION: 50.
MAGNIFICATION: 75.
MAGNIFICATION: 100.
...ONLY A DREAM!

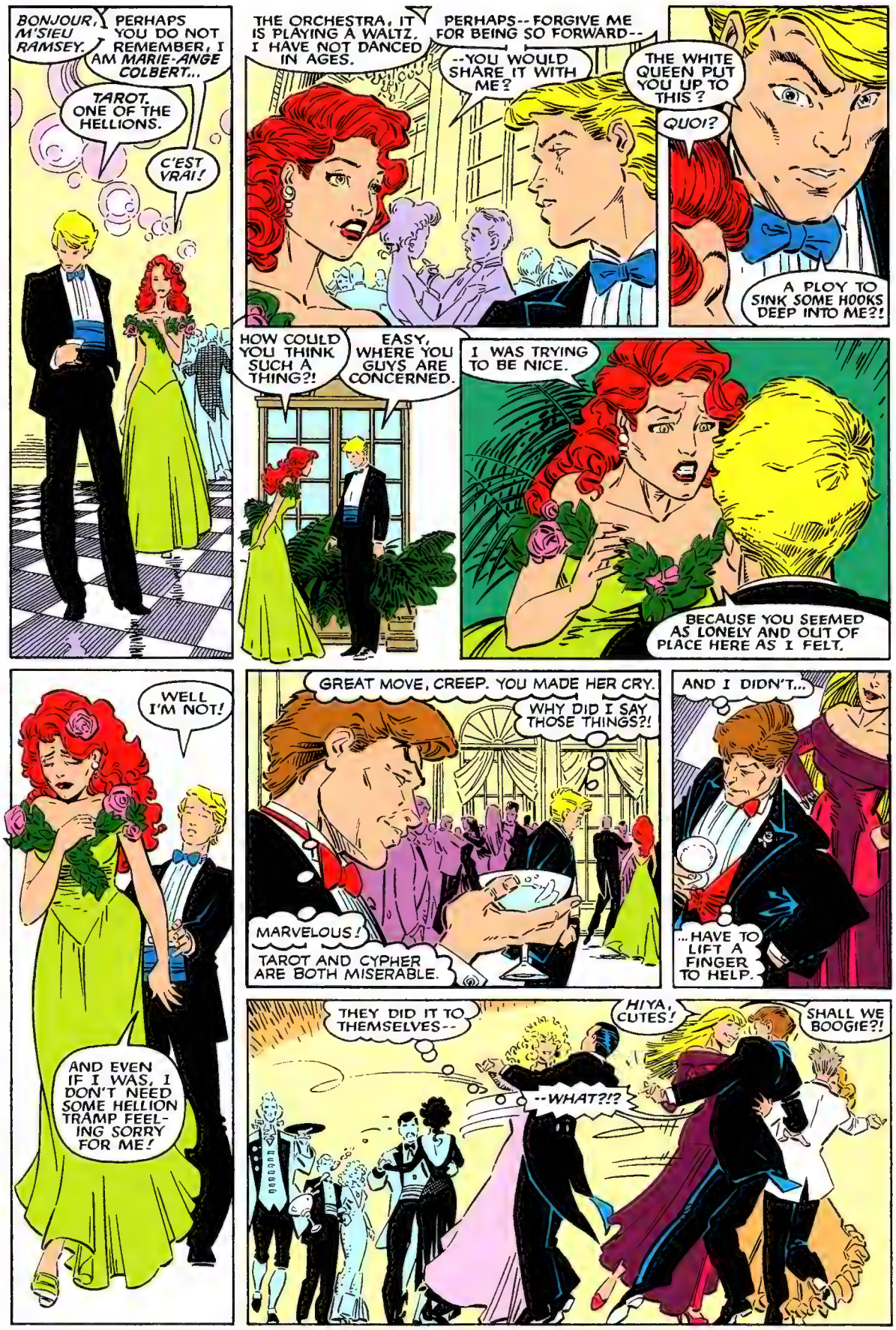

MANHATTAN.
CENTRAL PARK.
I AM VAN OSTAMGEN.
YOU HAVE THE MERCHANDISE?
YOU HAVE THE MONEY?
A MILLION DOLLARS--
--FOR THE ORIGINAL "SELENE" STATUE.
HERE IT IS. AS PROMISED.
AND HERE YOU ARE.
WHAT FOOLS. THIS WORK IS PRICELESS. I'D HAVE PAID TEN TIMES A MILLION TO POSSESS IT.
SATISFIED?
EMINENTLY.
IT IS MY KEY TO ADMISSION TO THE INNER CIRCLE OF THE HELLFIRE CLUB...
...AND POSSIBLY--DARE I AIM SO HIGH--THE LORDS CARDINAL!
NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK.
AN IDEAL CAPER, KENIUCHIO. NO MUSS, NO FUSS, NO RISK, NO COMPLICATION. THEY SHOULD ALL BE SO EASY.
LET'S RETURN HOME AND CELEBRATE -- WE'VE EARNED IT!
AS TAXI AND LIMOUSINE EXIT THE GROVE-- IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS-- A FLASH OF LIGHT IN DARKEST SHADOWS...

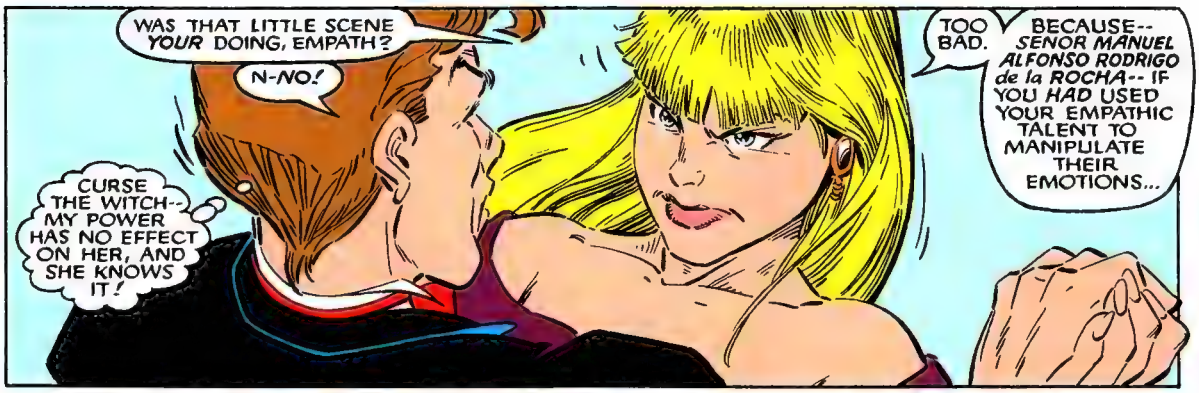

...HERALDS THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW MUTANTS, SHEPHERDED BY THEIR HEADMASTER, MAGNETO--
--COURTESY OF MAGIK'S MUTANT TELEPORTATIONAL ABILITY.
GREAT, ILLYANA.
WE'RE WEARING OUR BEST OUTFITS AND YOU DUMP US IN THE MIDDLE OF A SNOWFIELD.
RELAX, CHIEF!
I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK US BEING SEEN.
HUSH, CHILDREN. STOP THIS BICKERING.
FOR TONIGHT'S GALA, YOU ARE ALL TO BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR, IS THAT CLEAR?
AMARA-- SHIFT TO YOUR MAGMA INCARNATION...
...AND MELT US A PATHWAY OF DRY GROUND TO THE STREET.
YOU SURE THIS IS RIGHT FOR US, SIR?
YOU'VE BEEN "GROUNDED"-- RESTRICTED TO THE SCHOOL-- FOR WEEKS, CANNONBALL.
I THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY THIS EXCURSION --ESPECIALLY TO A PARTY.
BEGGIN' YUIR PARDON, HEADMASTER...
...BUT IT'S BEING HELD AT THE HELLFIRE CLUB!
AND THEY, REVERED TEACHER, HAVE EVER BEEN THE SWORN FOES OF XAVIER'S SCHOOL.
THAT CHANGED, AMARA, WHEN I JOINED THE LORDS CARDINAL, AS THE WHITE KING.
IS THAT REVELATION, O FEARLESS TEACH, SUPPOSED TO FILL US WITH CONFIDENCE?

AYE-- 'TIS NA' CHARITABLE, BUT I CANNA' STOP THINKIN' THAT IT WAS NOT SO LONG AGO, MAGNETO, THAT YOU WERE A VILLAIN YUIRSELF.
YOU TOLD US YOU'D REFORMED.
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW YOU AIN'T REVERTIN' TO TYPE?
CAREFUL, TEACH-- TRUST IS A FRAGILE THING, TOO EASILY LOST.
Hmmn-- DOUG'S HANGING BACK, LOOKING AWFUL SKITTISH--
--YOU OKAY, CYPHER?
NERVES, I GUESS. IT'S KIND'A WEIRD, MAKING NICE WITH PEOPLE WHO'VE TRIED TO ENSLAVE AND KILL YOU.
NO PROB, BLONDIE.
IF THERE'S TROUBLE...
...I'LL MAKE DOUBLY SURE TO PROTECT YOU.
I DON'T WANT YOUR PROTECTION, ILLYANA!
I DON'T NEED IT, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
Whua--?!
TAXI!?!
I'M GOING TO BE HIT!
SCREEEEP!
NO!
WHASSAMATTAYU?!
WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO DRIVE, LAMO?
THE NEW MUTANTS ARE A TEAM, MISTER!
WE TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER!
ESPECIALLY DOUG.
BECAUSE, WITHOUT WARLOCK TO BE HIS MUSCLES...
...HE'S HELPLESS AS A BABY!

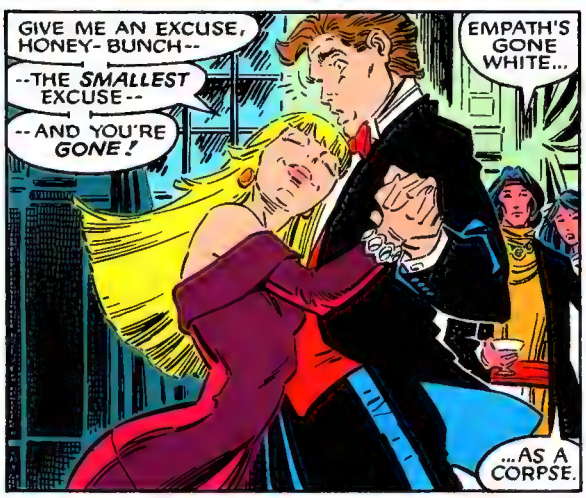

YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT?
MY POWER IS LANGUAGES. I CAN TRANSLATE ANYTHING. OTHER THAN THAT, I'M AN ORDINARY KID.
REALISTICALLY, HOW MUCH USE IS THAT IN A FIGHT?
BEING HERE, AMONG THESE HELLFIRE CREEPS, ONLY REMINDS ME OF HOW VULNERABLE I AM.
AS *BLACK KING*, MAGNETO-- AND IN THE NAME OF THE LORDS CARDINAL--
-- I BID YOU AND YOUR STUDENTS WELCOME TO OUR GALA.
LOOK, SAM-- MAGNETO MAKING COUNCIL TALK WITH *SEBASTIAN SHAW*, TOP DOG IN THIS KENNEL.
QUESTION IS, HAS OUR TEACH JOINED HIS PACK, OR IS HE SIMPLY RUNNIN' WITH 'EM A WAYS?
AND IF HE *HAS* JOINED...
... WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?
HEADS UP, TEAMMATES.
ON THE BALCONY-- THE WHITE QUEEN'S STUDENTS...
... HER *HELLIONS!*
INTERESTING GATHERING.
SOME ARE TRULY EVIL, THOUGH MOST ONLY PLAY AT IT.
MY ARCANE MENTOR-- THE DEMON LORD, BELASCO -- WOULD FEEL RIGHT AT HOME. AS I DO.
THESE HONORLESS CURS DELIGHT IN *USING* PEOPLE TO GAIN THEIR OWN SELFISH ENDS--
-- WHILE SUCH AS WE NEW MUTANTS ARE MOST OFTEN THEIR VICTIMS. OR PREY.
AND NONE OF THESE HUMAN PREDATORS IS MORE CRUEL THAN THEIR *BLACK QUEEN*--
--*SELENE*.
AMARA--
--YOU LOOK AS DELECTABLE AS EVER, MY CHILD.

GRACIOUS, MY LADY-- IF LOOKS COULD KILL...
WHY?
SHE HATES ME.
A TRIFLING MATTER.
I KILLED HER MOTHER.
Yeuckgh!
CHAMPAGNE TASTES AWFUL. STUFF'S HOT!
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, SAM...
...SO'S THE ROOM, ALL OF A SUDDEN.
SPIRITS --IT'S AMARA!
SHE'S ACTIVATING HER POWER AS MAGMA!
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU PLAYING AT, GIRL-- HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?!
I MERELY WISHED TO GIVE SELENE A TASTE OF TRUE HELLFIRE.
NOT HERE, AMARA, NOT NOW!
THERE IS DEATH BETWEEN US, MIRAGE!
I UNDERSTAND. I DON'T CARE!
AS WAR-CHIEF OF THE MUTANTS, I PLEDGED OUR GOOD BEHAVIOR TO MAGNETO. I WON'T BE FORSWORN.
YOU SAVE YOUR PRIVATE VENDETTA FOR LATER, IS THAT CLEAR?!
STARS, MAGNETO, YOUR CHARGES SEEM TO BE ON A SHORT FUSE THIS EVENING.
I TRUST THEY WON'T CAUSE ANY... UNPLEASANTNESS.
I'M SURE THEY WILL NOT, SELENE.
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BROUGHT THEM. BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE THEIR MINDS OFF THEIR MISSING COMRADES* FOR A TIME.
BY THE ETERNAL, HAVE THEY LOST ALL SENSE?!!
*SUNSPOT AND WARLOCK, OFF IN THE FALLEN ANGELS LIMITED SERIES --AnnN.

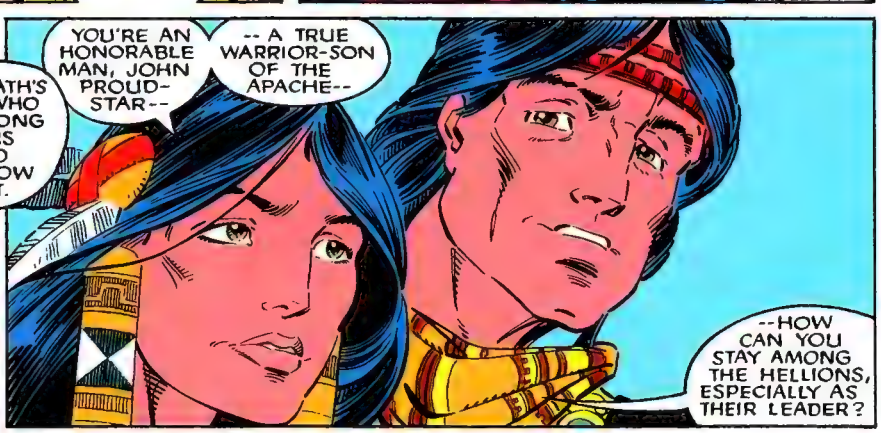

BONJOUR, M'SIEU RAMSEY.
PERHAPS YOU DO NOT REMEMBER, I AM MARIE-ANGE COLBERT...
TAROT. ONE OF THE HELLIONS.
C'EST VRAI!
THE ORCHESTRA, IT IS PLAYING A WALTZ. I HAVE NOT DANCED IN AGES.
PERHAPS-- FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO FORWARD--
--YOU WOULD SHARE IT WITH ME?
THE WHITE QUEEN PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
QUOI?
A PLOY TO SINK SOME HOOKS DEEP INTO ME?!
HOW COULD YOU THINK SUCH A THING?!
EASY, WHERE YOU GUYS ARE CONCERNED.
I WAS TRYING TO BE NICE.
BECAUSE YOU SEEMED AS LONELY AND OUT OF PLACE HERE AS I FELT.
WELL I'M NOT!
AND EVEN IF I WAS, I DON'T NEED SOME HELLION TRAMP FEELING SORRY FOR ME!
GREAT MOVE, CREEP. YOU MADE HER CRY.
WHY DID I SAY THOSE THINGS?!
MARVELOUS!
TAROT AND CYPHER ARE BOTH MISERABLE.
AND I DIDN'T...
...HAVE TO LIFT A FINGER TO HELP.
THEY DID IT TO THEMSELVES--
--WHAT?!?
HIYA, CUTES!
SHALL WE BOOGIE?!

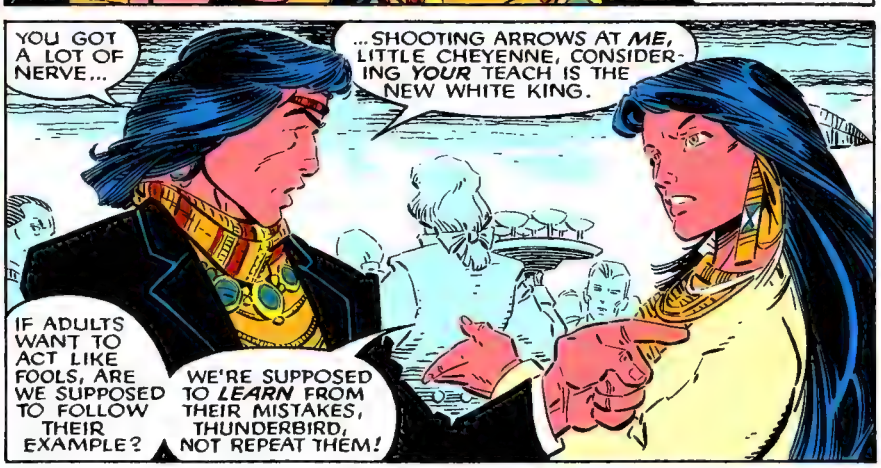

WAS THAT LITTLE SCENE *YOUR* DOING, EMPATH?
N-NO!
CURSE THE WITCH-- MY POWER HAS NO EFFECT ON HER, AND SHE KNOWS IT!
TOO BAD.
BECAUSE-- *SENOR MANUEL ALFONSO RODRIGO de la ROCHA*-- IF YOU *HAD* USED YOUR EMPATHIC TALENT TO MANIPULATE THEIR EMOTIONS...

... I'D FEEL HONOR-BOUND TO RETALIATE.
NO!
REMEMBER THE *LOVELY* TIME WE HAD WHEN I LAST TELEPORTED YOU TO LIMBO?
PLEASE!

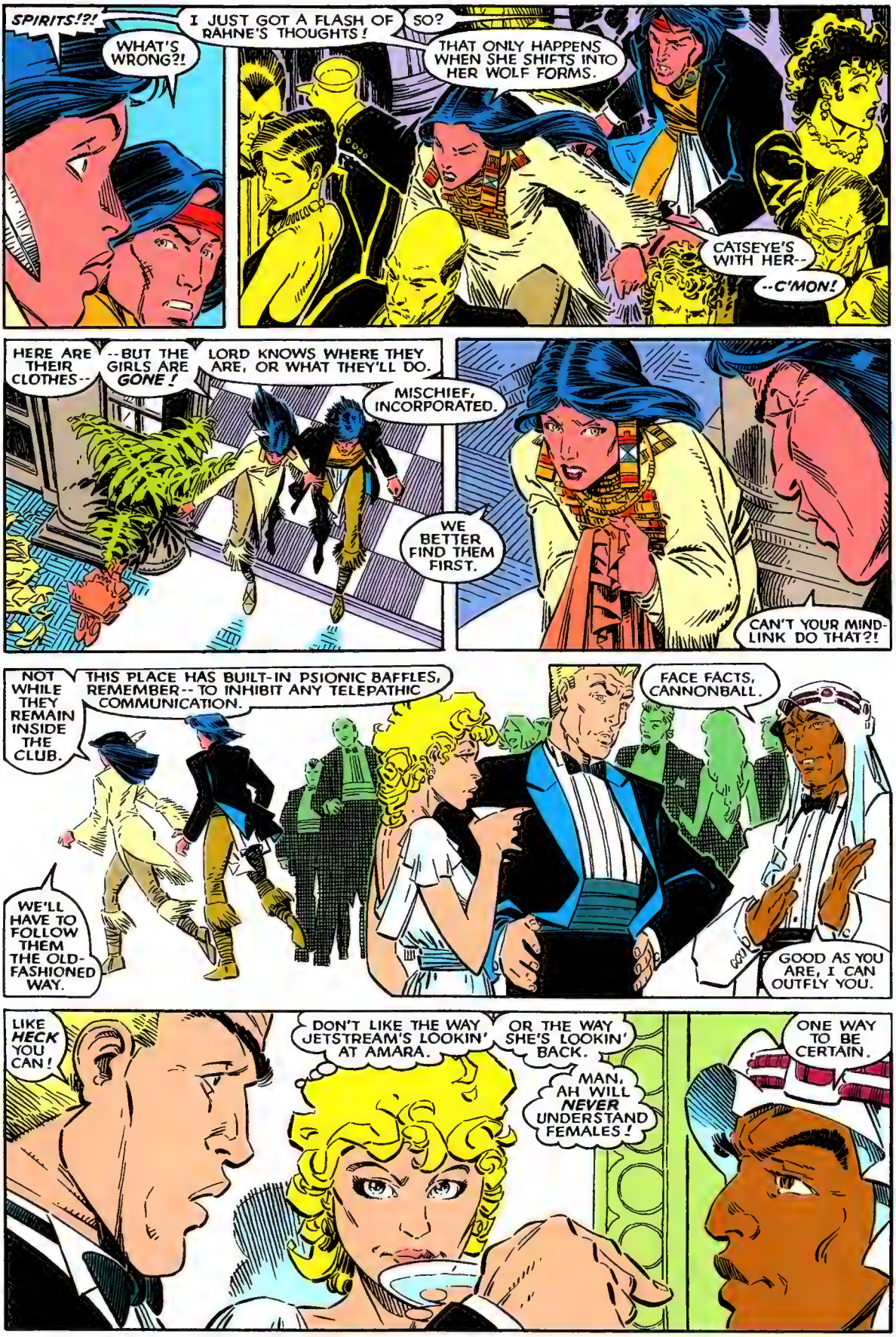

GIVE ME AN EXCUSE, HONEY-BUNCH--
--THE *SMALLEST* EXCUSE--
--AND YOU'RE *GONE!*
EMPATH'S GONE WHITE...
...AS A CORPSE.

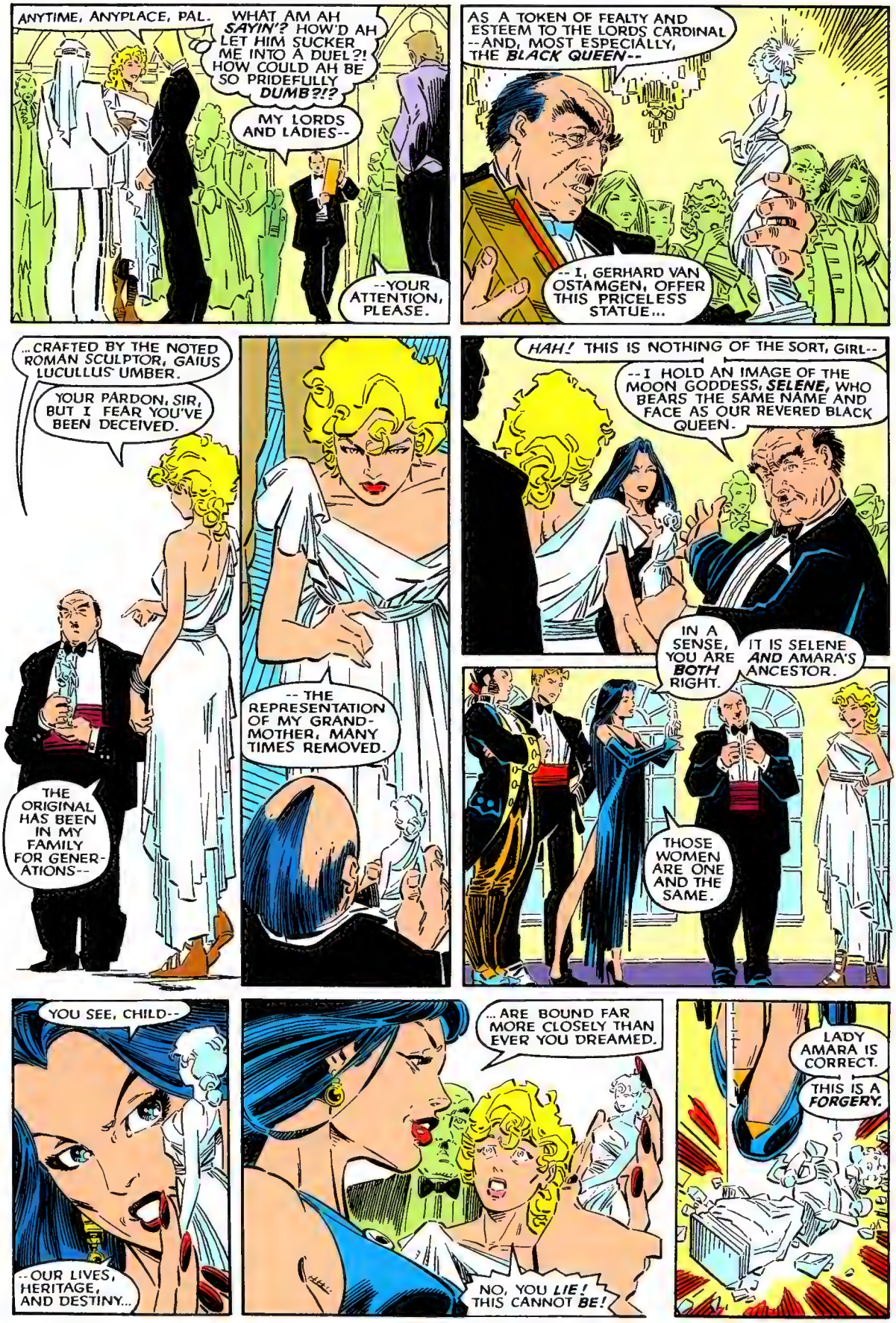
ILLYANA SURE PUT THE *FEAR* INTO HIM.
I SHOULD OBJECT...
...BUT EMPATH'S THE KIND WHO NEEDS STRONG REMINDERS EVERY SO OFTEN HOW TO ACT.

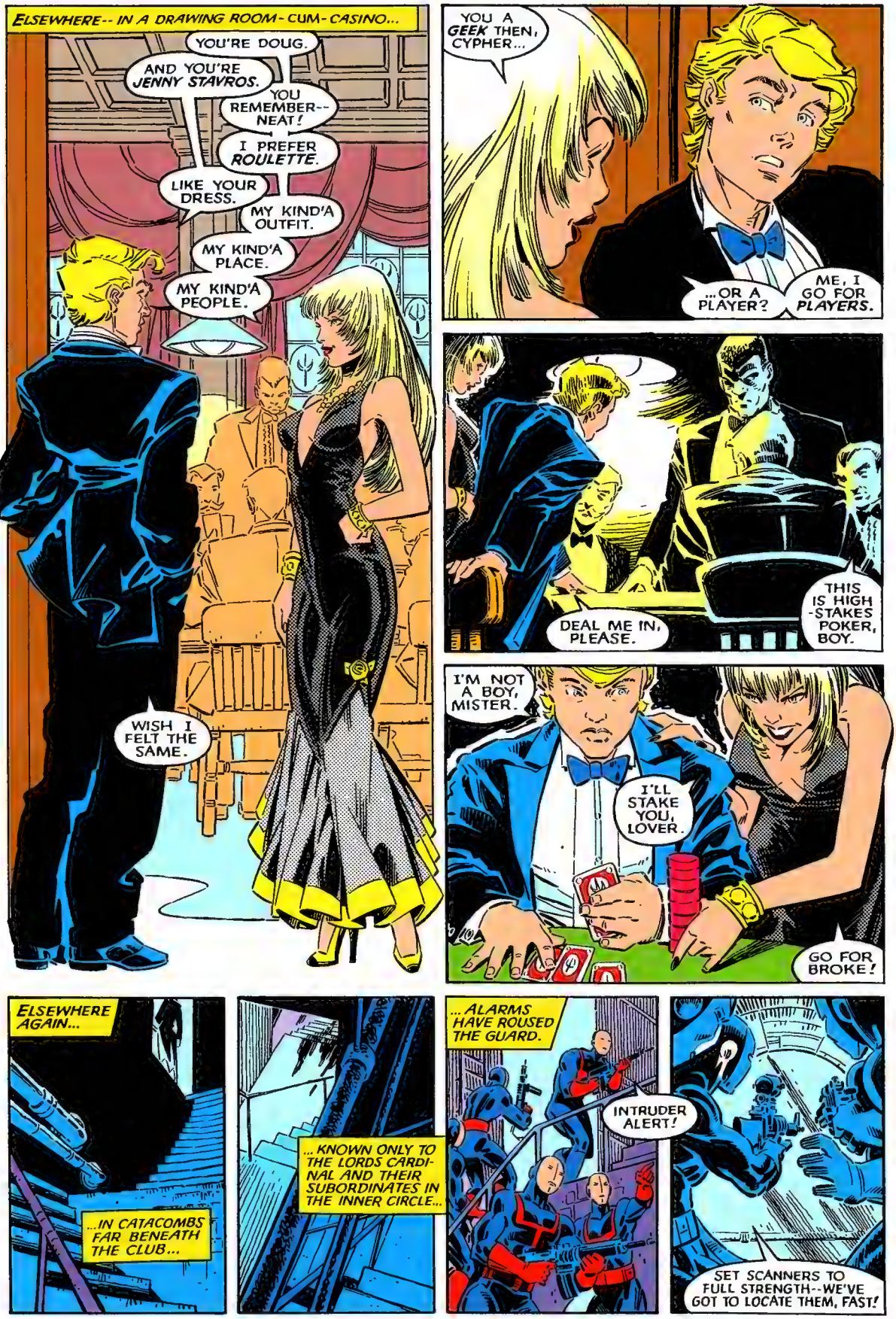

YOU'RE AN HONORABLE MAN, JOHN PROUD-STAR--
-- A TRUE WARRIOR-SON OF THE APACHE--
--HOW CAN YOU STAY AMONG THE HELLIONS, ESPECIALLY AS THEIR LEADER?


YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE...
...SHOOTING ARROWS AT *ME*, LITTLE CHEYENNE, CONSIDERING *YOUR* TEACH IS THE NEW WHITE KING.
IF ADULTS WANT TO ACT LIKE FOOLS, ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE?
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO *LEARN* FROM THEIR MISTAKES, THUNDERBIRD, NOT REPEAT THEM!

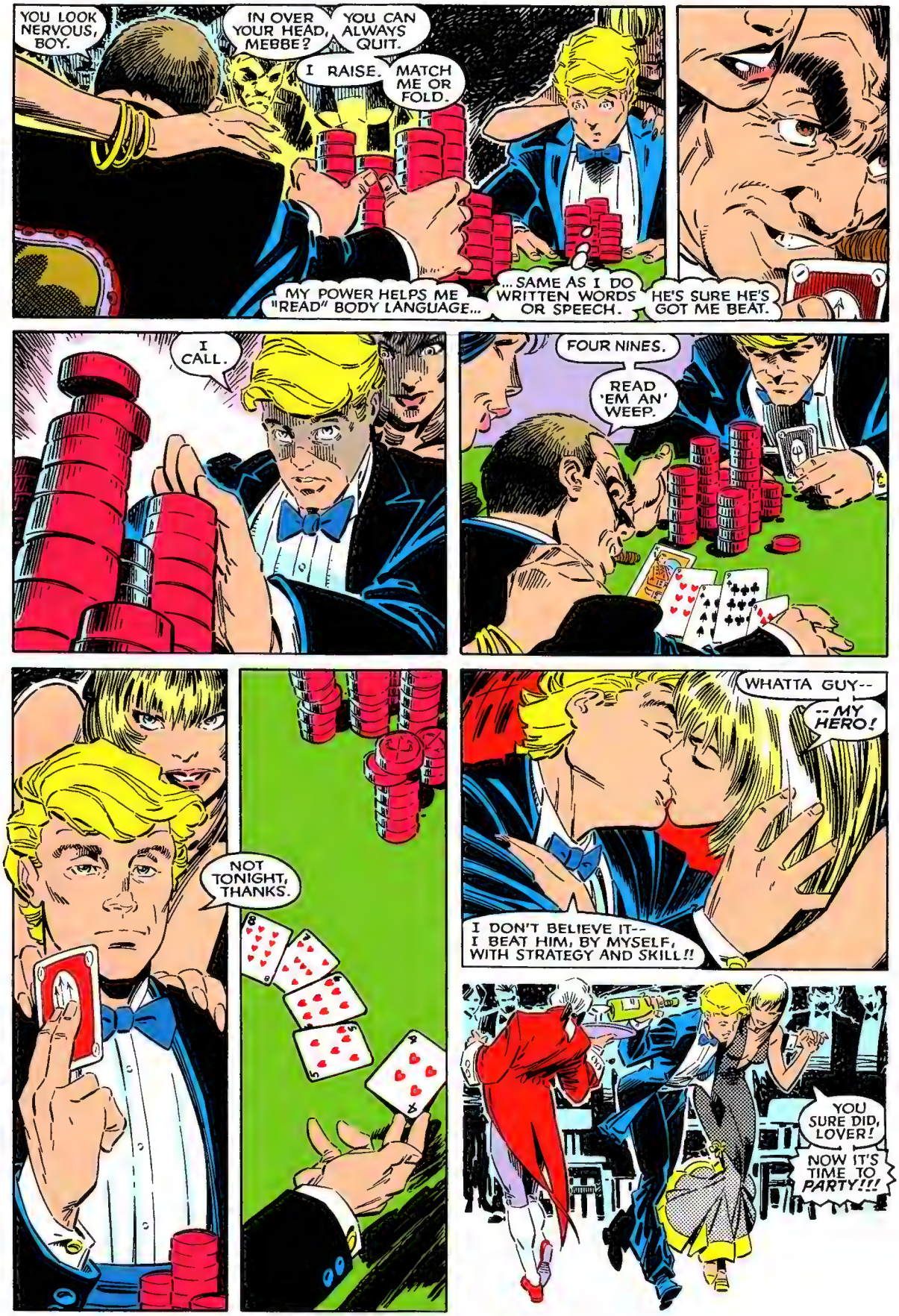
PEACE, MIRAGE. THIS IS A PARTY, LET'S NOT SCRAP.
OUR TWO TEAMS, RUBBING ELBOWS, BUTTING HEADS-- HOW CAN YOU *NOT* EXPECT SPARKS TO FLY?!
AND WHEN THEY DO, WE BETTER BE THERE TO DOUSE 'EM-- BEFORE SOMETHING STARTS THAT *BOTH* TEAMS'LL LIVE TO REGRET.
I DON'T BELONG HERE, I WANT TO GO *HOME!*
PERHAPS NO ONE'LL NOTICE IF I SLIP AWA
HIEGH!?!
SURPRISE!
CATSEYE!
WHY'D YOU *SCARE* ME?!
SAY HELLO, FUNNY WAY, BIG-LAUGH, YES?
CATSEYE FEEL HEARTGOOD TO SEE SMALL RED-FUR FRIEND-- BEEN FOREVER SINCE LAST ROMP!
Och, AYE-- *AGES*-- AN' I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, TOO!
SMOOTHSKINS **BORING**-- WE GO PLAY BY OURSELVES, YES?
WON'T WE GET IN TROUBLE?
ONLY IF CAUGHT.
I SHOULDN'T...
BE DARING. BE BRAVE. BE LIKE CATSEYE, YES?
ALL RIGHT-- I WILL!

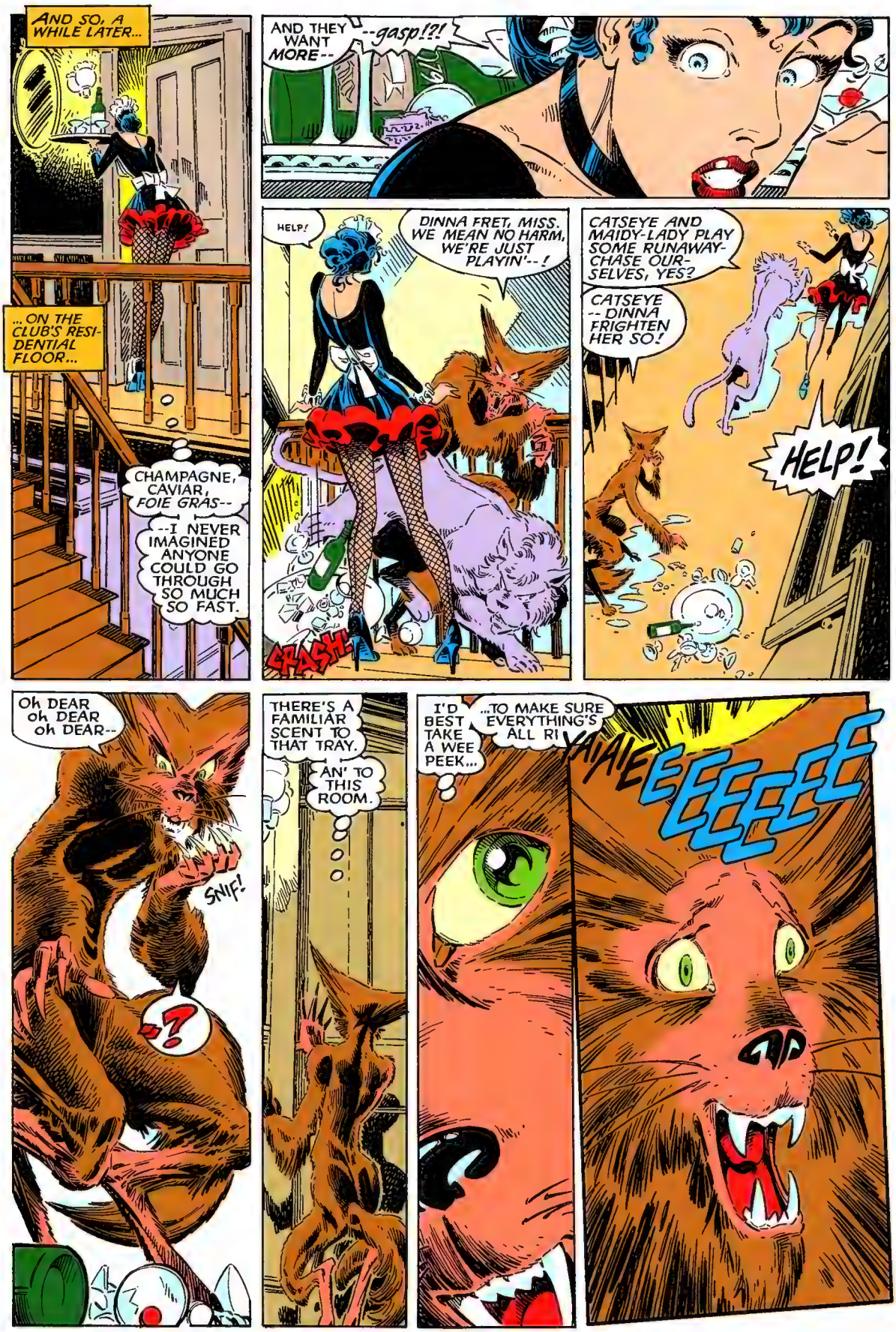

SPIRITS!?!
WHAT'S WRONG?!
I JUST GOT A FLASH OF RAHNE'S THOUGHTS!
SO?
THAT ONLY HAPPENS WHEN SHE SHIFTS INTO HER WOLF FORMS.
CATSEYE'S WITH HER--
--C'MON!
HERE ARE THEIR CLOTHES--
--BUT THE GIRLS ARE GONE!
LORD KNOWS WHERE THEY ARE, OR WHAT THEY'LL DO.
MISCHIEF, INCORPORATED.
WE BETTER FIND THEM FIRST.
CAN'T YOUR MIND-LINK DO THAT?!
NOT WHILE THEY REMAIN INSIDE THE CLUB.
THIS PLACE HAS BUILT-IN PSIONIC BAFFLES, REMEMBER-- TO INHIBIT ANY TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION.
FACE FACTS, CANNONBALL.
WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
GOOD AS YOU ARE, I CAN OUTFLY YOU.
LIKE HECK YOU CAN!
DON'T LIKE THE WAY JETSTREAM'S LOOKIN' AT AMARA.
OR THE WAY SHE'S LOOKIN' BACK.
MAN, AH WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND FEMALES!
ONE WAY TO BE CERTAIN.


ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, PAL.
WHAT AM AH SAYIN'? HOW'D AH LET HIM SUCKER ME INTO A DUEL?! HOW COULD AH BE SO PRIDEFULLY DUMB?!?
MY LORDS AND LADIES--
--YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE.
AS A TOKEN OF FEALTY AND ESTEEM TO THE LORDS CARDINAL --AND, MOST ESPECIALLY, THE BLACK QUEEN--
-- I, GERHARD VAN OSTAMGEN, OFFER THIS PRICELESS STATUE...
...CRAFTED BY THE NOTED ROMAN SCULPTOR, GAIUS LUCULLUS UMBER.
YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT I FEAR YOU'VE BEEN DECEIVED.
THE ORIGINAL HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS--
-- THE REPRESENTATION OF MY GRANDMOTHER, MANY TIMES REMOVED.
HAH! THIS IS NOTHING OF THE SORT, GIRL--
--I HOLD AN IMAGE OF THE MOON GODDESS, SELENE, WHO BEARS THE SAME NAME AND FACE AS OUR REVERED BLACK QUEEN.
IN A SENSE, YOU ARE BOTH RIGHT.
IT IS SELENE AND AMARA'S ANCESTOR.
THOSE WOMEN ARE ONE AND THE SAME.
YOU SEE, CHILD--
--OUR LIVES, HERITAGE, AND DESTINY...
...ARE BOUND FAR MORE CLOSELY THAN EVER YOU DREAMED.
NO, YOU LIE! THIS CANNOT BE!
LADY AMARA IS CORRECT.
THIS IS A FORGERY.


ELSEWHERE-- IN A DRAWING ROOM-CUM-CASINO...
YOU'RE DOUG.
AND YOU'RE JENNY STAVROS.
YOU REMEMBER-- NEAT!
I PREFER ROULETTE.
LIKE YOUR DRESS.
MY KIND'A OUTFIT.
MY KIND'A PLACE.
MY KIND'A PEOPLE.
WISH I FELT THE SAME.
YOU A GEEK THEN, CYPHER...
...OR A PLAYER?
ME, I GO FOR PLAYERS.
DEAL ME IN, PLEASE.
THIS IS HIGH-STAKES POKER, BOY.
I'M NOT A BOY, MISTER.
I'LL STAKE YOU, LOVER.
GO FOR BROKE!
ELSEWHERE AGAIN...
...IN CATACOMBS FAR BENEATH THE CLUB...
...KNOWN ONLY TO THE LORDS CARDINAL AND THEIR SUBORDINATES IN THE INNER CIRCLE...
...ALARMS HAVE ROUSED THE GUARD.
INTRUDER ALERT!
SET SCANNERS TO FULL STRENGTH--WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THEM, FAST!

YOU SURE ABOUT THIS TRAIL?
AREN'T YOU?
I THOUGHT THE APACHE WERE REAL HOTSHOT TRACKERS.
FREEZE!
AFTER A BRIEF, SLIGHTLY FRANTIC EXPLANATION...
WE'VE SCANNED THE ENTIRE COMPLEX AND YOU'RE THE ONLY TRESPASSERS.
THIS AREA'S OFF-LIMITS TO YOU BRATS.
MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE--AND DON'T COME BACK!
NOW WHAT?
WE LOOK HARDER.
MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...
ONLY ME AND THE BIG GUY LEFT.
PLAYING FOR A FORTUNE!


YOU LOOK NERVOUS, BOY.
IN OVER YOUR HEAD, MEBBE?
YOU CAN ALWAYS QUIT.
I RAISE.
MATCH ME OR FOLD.
MY POWER HELPS ME "READ" BODY LANGUAGE...
... SAME AS I DO WRITTEN WORDS OR SPEECH.
HE'S SURE HE'S GOT ME BEAT.
I CALL.
FOUR NINES.
READ 'EM AN' WEEP.
NOT TONIGHT, THANKS.
WHATTA GUY--
-- MY HERO!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT-- I BEAT HIM, BY MYSELF, WITH STRATEGY AND SKILL!!
YOU SURE DID, LOVER!
NOW IT'S TIME TO PARTY!!!


AND SO, A WHILE LATER...
...ON THE CLUB'S RESIDENTIAL FLOOR...
CHAMPAGNE, CAVIAR, FOIE GRAS--
--I NEVER IMAGINED ANYONE COULD GO THROUGH SO MUCH SO FAST.
AND THEY WANT MORE--
--gasp!?!
HELP!
DINNA FRET, MISS. WE MEAN NO HARM, WE'RE JUST PLAYIN'--!
CRASH!
CATSEYE AND MAIDY-LADY PLAY SOME RUNAWAY-CHASE OURSELVES, YES?
CATSEYE -- DINNA FRIGHTEN HER SO!
HELP!
Oh DEAR oh DEAR oh DEAR--
SNIF!
-?
THERE'S A FAMILIAR SCENT TO THAT TRAY.
AN' TO THIS ROOM.
I'D BEST TAKE A WEE PEEK...
...TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S ALL RI
YAIEEEEEEE

YAIE
OWW!
MIRAGE?!
CHIEF--?!!
RAHNE--SCREAMING--MORTAL TERROR--HELLIONS INVOLVED-- BY MY ANCESTORS, WHAT DID SHE FIND?!
RELAX, GIRL.
I'VE GOT YOU.
LEAVE ME BE, THUNDER-BIRD.
I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.
ILLYANA--
--GATHER THE TEAM--
-- TELEPORT 'EM TO THE TOP FLOOR, I'LL MEET YOU THERE!
A MINUTE LATER...
...ONCE THEY'VE PIN-POINTED THE RIGHT SUITE...
ALL RIGHT, CREEPS--
--NOBODY...
...MOVES...?!?
DOUGLAS?!!?
HIIIII-YA, CHIEF!
COME TO CRASH MY hic PARTY? NO PROB, DON'T MIND, PLENTY OF BUBBLY TO GO ROUND...
...AN' ROUND...
... AN' ROUND--
-- wheeeeeeeee!
CYPHER --YOU'RE DRUNK!

BULLPEN BULLETINS

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I am the man you do not want to see . . ."

—Conan

SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #137

ITEM: Mighty Marvel's always been on the move, and that goes not only for the characters in the books, but also the characters who *edit* them. In fact, the Editorial Shuffle is one of our favorite pastimes up here at 387 Park. So, as a public service, we would like to give you the latest rundown on who's who and what's what on Marvel's Editors Row. (Beware! This information is subject to change without notice!)

LARRY HAMA, senior editor, and *PATRICIA REDDING*, assistant editor. Larry is the Bullpen's official military and munitions expert, and both he and Pat regularly moonlight as guitar players in different local rock 'n' roll bands. They edit CONAN THE BARBARIAN, KING CONAN, THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN, THE 'NAM, and MERC. Given the nature of their editorial stable, visitors to their office seldom enter without a sword or an Uzi!

MARK GRUENWALD, editor, and *GREGORY WRIGHT*, assistant editor. Mark is our staff historian (though he claims to know five people who are ten times more knowledgeable than he) while Greg is an occasional filmmaker who is said to resemble the character Justice. They edit AVENGERS, WEST COAST AVENGERS, IRON MAN, and THE OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE Deluxe Edition and Trade Paperback. The two of them are noted for their odd taste in office decor, and currently work in Marvel's only split-level office.

RALPH MACCHIO, editor, and *CRAIG ANDERSON*, assistant editor. Ralph is our resident Shakespeare and Honeymooners aficionado while Craig is the office shutterbug, catching staffers unawares with his Nikon. They edit FANTASTIC FOUR, THOR, CAPTAIN AMERICA, DAREDEVIL, and D.P. 7. For reasons unknown to them, Ralph and Craig's office is one of the top hang-out spots on Editors Row.

ANN NOCENTI, editor, and *TERRY KAVANAGH*, assistant editor. Ann is rumored to have mutated from excessive exposure to Chris Claremont's plots while Terry is seldom seen without his ubiquitous tweed cap. They edit X-MEN, NEW MUTANTS, CLASSIC X-MEN, FALLEN ANGELS, and various other mutant Limited Series to be announced. Visitors to Ann and Terry's office have been known to describe it as "The Danger Room."

BOB HARRAS, editor, and *BOBBIE CHASE*, assistant editor. Bob is sometimes known as the chief gardener of the office grapevine, while Bobbie is renowned for her vast collection of midi-length sweaters. They edit X-FACTOR, INCREDIBLE HULK, CODENAME: SPITFIRE, G.I. JOE, and G.I. JOE: SPECIAL MISSIONS. Their office is the meeting place of the Bob Squad, whose members regularly wear their British "bobbie" hats into action.

BOB BUDIANSKY, editor, and *ROSEMARY McCORMICK-LOWY*, assistant editor. Bob moonlights as a wheeler-dealer in Manhattan real estate while Rosemary has the best English accent on the Row, due to the fact that she is a native of England who moved to America six years ago. They edit PSI-FORCE, various movie adaptations (such as CREEPSHOW II and HE-MAN THE MOVIE), posters, and special projects. Their office is known as the most relaxed and pleasant one on the Row.

CARL POTTS, editor, and *JOANNE SPALDO*, assistant editor. Carl is renowned for being the editor who best meets his deadlines, while Joanne is soft-spoken but carries a big schedule book. They edit ALPHA FLIGHT, POWER PACK, STRIKEFORCE: MORITURI, THE PUNISHER, STRANGE TALES, and KICKERS, INC. Their office is the only one that has permanent non-human residents—namely, a tank full of exotic fish.

DON DALEY, editor, and *DARYL EDELMAN*, assistant editor. Don gave up a career as a rock drummer to work at Marvel, while Daryl is the heir apparent to the title "Marvel's most mysterious assistant editor." They edit THUNDERCATS, TRANSFORMERS, CHUCK NORRIS, MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE, and INHUMANOIDS. Don and Daryl have the office's best stereo system—unfortunately, their office is next to publisher Mike Hobson's so they dare not use it!

MICHAEL HIGGINS, editor, and *MICHAEL ROCKWITZ*, assistant editor: Mike H. is the office Deadhead (fan of the rock group the Grateful Dead) while Mike R. is nicknamed "Shlocko" so Mike H. doesn't confuse him with himself. They edit STAR BRAND, NIGHTMASK, JUSTICE, and the SILVER SURFER. The two Michaels are co-owners of Marvel's wildest assortment of rock t-shirts.

JIM SALICRUP, editor, and *GLENN HERDLING*, assistant editor. Jim is Marvel's official caricaturist of Jack Abel while Glenn has the dubious distinction of being Marvel's newest assistant (somebody's got to be!) They edit AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN, WEB OF SPIDER-MAN, and MARVEL TALES. With the assistance of Dwight Zimmerman, Jim also edits our fan magazine MARVEL AGE. Spiders know they're safe to spin webs in Jim and Glenn's office.

HOWARD MACKIE, managing editor, and *JACK MORELLI*, assistant editor. Howard was once Marvel's most mysterious assistant editor until his promotion thrust him into the spotlight, while Jack moonlights as the only letterer in the business who can work wearing a boxing glove. They edit DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH, SILVERHAWKS, the various MARVEL INDEXes, and some movie adaptations. Howard and Jack are proud owners of the office's largest tinfoil ball and smallest office without a window.

SID JACOBSON, editor, and *LAURA HITCHCOCK*, assistant editor. Sid is nefarious for being Marvel's loudest editor while Laura is one of our quieter assistant eds. They edit most of our Star Line, including HEATHCLIFF, EWOKS, THE FLINTSTONE KIDS, FOOFUR, HEATHCLIFF'S FUNHOUSE, MUPPET BABIES, POPPLES, HUGGA BUNCH, and MADBALLS. Needless to say Sid and Laura are very serious about their humor.

Whew! For a company that once had but a single editor (good ol' STAN the Man LEE), there sure are a lot of folks who now write "Marvel Editor" on their income tax returns. And we didn't even *mention* freelance editor *AL* (MARVEL FANFARE) *MILGROM*, Submissions Editor *ADAM BLAUSTEIN*, Executive Editor *TOM DEFALCO*, or Editor In Chief *JIM SHOOTER*. Now that you have an overview of the inmates on Editors Row, we'll be spotlighting each of our various editorial personnel in the months to come, so you can *really* get to know us. (And how much you want to bet that by the time we get to the end of the list, Marvel's editorial line-up will have changed? *C'est la* Marvel!)

ITEM: Be sure to see this month's *New Universe News* page in any of our New Universe line of books to read part two of our introduction to the stainless stalwarts who labor in our Production Department. Without these unsung heroes, the above-listed editors would have to learn some real skills!

SORRY WE COULDN'T INCLUDE THE CHECKLIST THIS MONTH, BUT MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MISS THESE SPECIAL ISSUES . . .

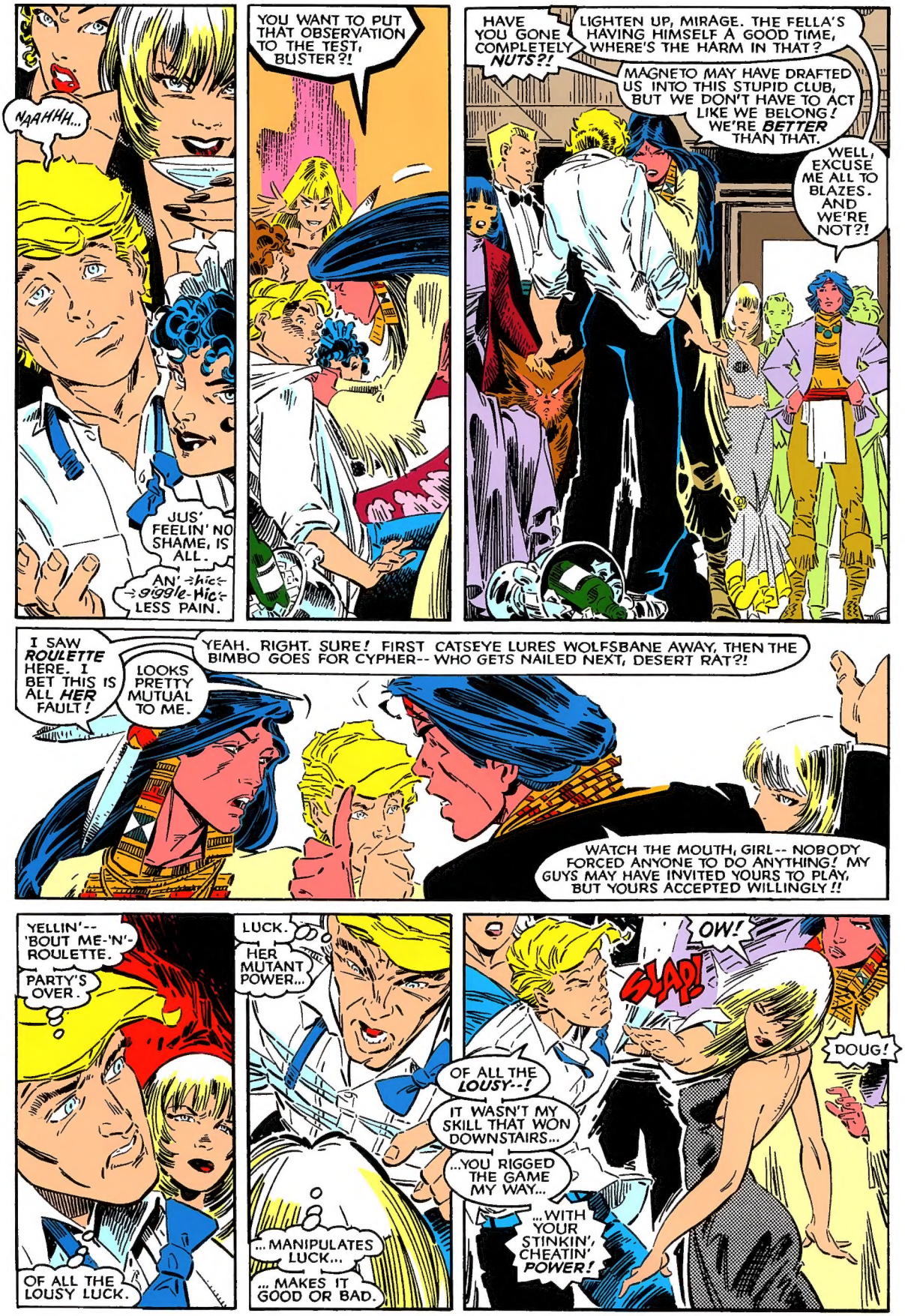
☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #290**—Peter Parker crosses one of the most significant thresholds of his life! Whatever you do, *don't miss this issue!*

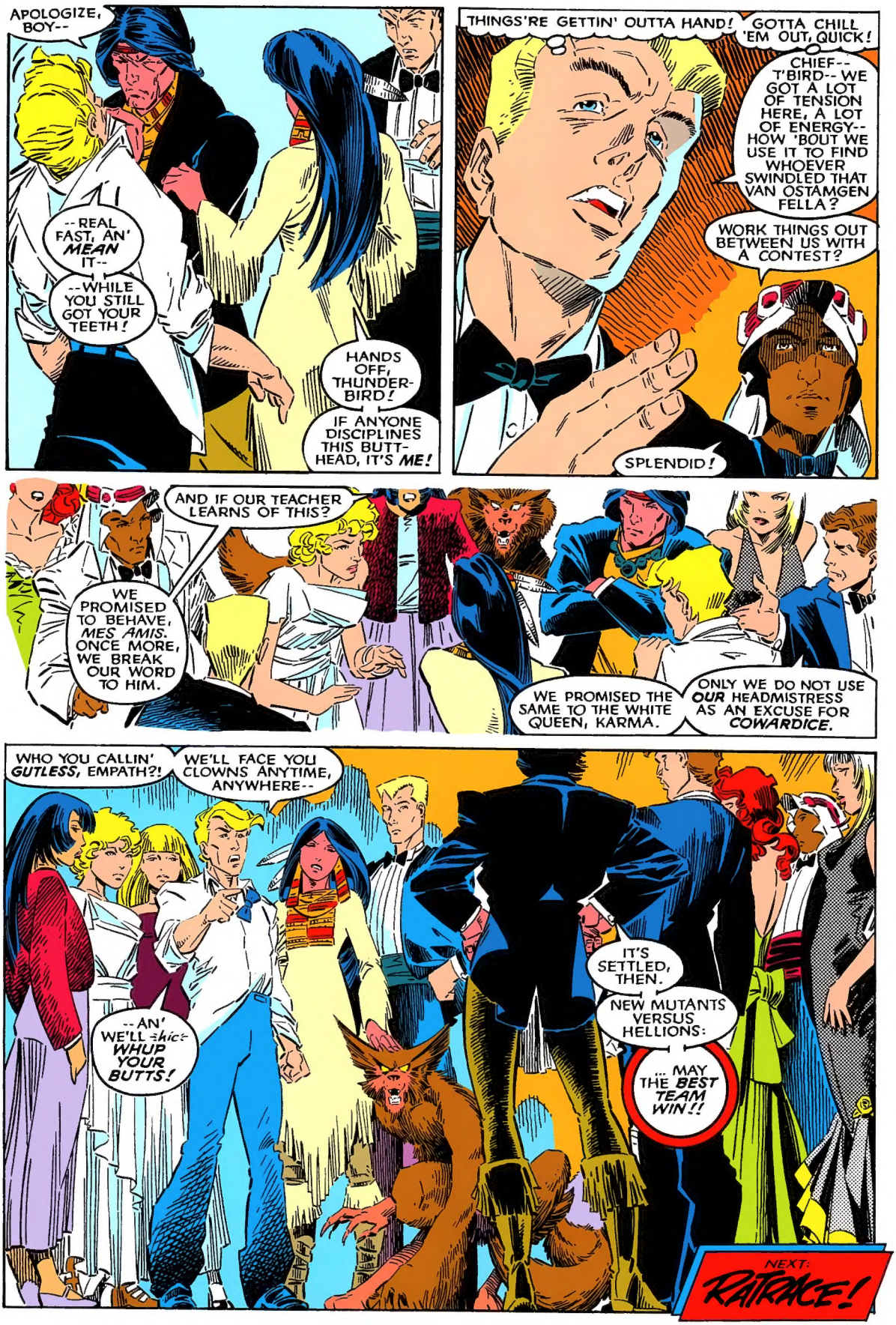
☐ **HEADMASTERS (Limited Series) #1**—From the folks who brought you the Transformers, here come the Headmasters! But who—or what—are the Headmasters? Take our word for it—you've got to see them to believe them! Written by BOB BUDIANSKY. Art by FRANK SPRINGER.

☐ **MEPHISTO VS. THE X-MEN (Limited Series) #4**—It's the final cataclysmic issue, but the story doesn't end here! It's a special cross-over with *Thor #381!*

☐ **THE PUNISHER #1**—Now starring in his own *unlimited* series because *you demanded it!* Don't miss out on what is sure to be the most talked about series of the year! This high level of excitement was reached by MIKE BARON (writer) and KLAUS JANSON (artist)!

☐ **SILVER SURFER #1**—In his own series at last! And to start things off with a bang, the Surfer is finally freed from his exile on Earth! Anything can happen now, so come along and experience a universe full of adventure! STEVE ENGLEHART (writer) and MARSHALL ROGERS (artist) promise you an exciting ride!


NAAHHH...
JUS' FEELIN' NO SHAME, IS ALL.
AN' →hic← →giggle-Hic← LESS PAIN.
YOU WANT TO PUT THAT OBSERVATION TO THE TEST, BUSTER?!
HAVE YOU GONE COMPLETELY NUTS?!
LIGHTEN UP, MIRAGE. THE FELLA'S HAVING HIMSELF A GOOD TIME, WHERE'S THE HARM IN THAT?
MAGNETO MAY HAVE DRAFTED US INTO THIS STUPID CLUB, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO ACT LIKE WE BELONG! WE'RE BETTER THAN THAT.
WELL, EXCUSE ME ALL TO BLAZES. AND WE'RE NOT?!
I SAW ROULETTE HERE. I BET THIS IS ALL HER FAULT!
LOOKS PRETTY MUTUAL TO ME.
YEAH. RIGHT. SURE! FIRST CATSEYE LURES WOLFSBANE AWAY, THEN THE BIMBO GOES FOR CYPHER-- WHO GETS NAILED NEXT, DESERT RAT?!
WATCH THE MOUTH, GIRL-- NOBODY FORCED ANYONE TO DO ANYTHING! MY GUYS MAY HAVE INVITED YOURS TO PLAY, BUT YOURS ACCEPTED WILLINGLY!!
YELLIN'-- 'BOUT ME-'N'-ROULETTE.
PARTY'S OVER.
OF ALL THE LOUSY LUCK.
LUCK.
HER MUTANT POWER...
...MANIPULATES LUCK...
... MAKES IT GOOD OR BAD.
OF ALL THE LOUSY--!
IT WASN'T MY SKILL THAT WON DOWNSTAIRS...
...YOU RIGGED THE GAME MY WAY...
...WITH YOUR STINKIN', CHEATIN' POWER!
SLAP!
OW!
DOUG!


APOLOGIZE, BOY--
--REAL FAST, AN' MEAN IT--
--WHILE YOU STILL GOT YOUR TEETH!
HANDS OFF, THUNDER-BIRD!
IF ANYONE DISCIPLINES THIS BUTT-HEAD, IT'S ME!
THINGS'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HAND!
GOTTA CHILL 'EM OUT, QUICK!
CHIEF-- T'BIRD-- WE GOT A LOT OF TENSION HERE, A LOT OF ENERGY-- HOW 'BOUT WE USE IT TO FIND WHOEVER SWINDLED THAT VAN OSTAMGEN FELLA?
WORK THINGS OUT BETWEEN US WITH A CONTEST?
SPLENDID!
AND IF OUR TEACHER LEARNS OF THIS?
WE PROMISED TO BEHAVE, MES AMIS. ONCE MORE, WE BREAK OUR WORD TO HIM.
WE PROMISED THE SAME TO THE WHITE QUEEN, KARMA.
ONLY WE DO NOT USE OUR HEADMISTRESS AS AN EXCUSE FOR COWARDICE.
WHO YOU CALLIN' GUTLESS, EMPATH?!
WE'LL FACE YOU CLOWNS ANYTIME, ANYWHERE--
--AN' WE'LL =hic= WHUP YOUR BUTTS!
IT'S SETTLED, THEN.
NEW MUTANTS VERSUS HELLIONS:
... MAY THE BEST TEAM WIN!!
NEXT: RATRACE!

MINUTEMEN
Quick
STOP
RST